

# The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 9321 第一十二百三十九號

日五初月十日三十號光

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1887.

六年禮

號九月一十英港香

PRICE \$24 PER MONTH

## SHIPPING.

### ARRIVALS.

November 18, GUTHRIE, British steamer, 2,500, S. G. Green, Foochow 16th November, Tea—RUSSELL & CO.

November 18, TAIWAN, British steamer, 1,109, Clegg, Whampoa 18th November, General—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.

November 18, ASHINGTON, British steamer, 809, W. Reynell, Newchaw and Chefoo 12th November, General—STENMAN & CO.

November 18, SOOCHEW, British steamer, 327, T. Howin, Pakhoi and Hoihow 16th Nov., General—CHINESE.

November 18, MONMOUTHSHIRE, British str., 1,370, Cuming, London 1st October, and Singapore 11th November, General—ADAMSON, BELL & CO.

### CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE.  
18TH NOVEMBER.

Arratoon Apca, British str., for Singapore.  
Changsha, British str., for Port Darwin.  
Almea, German str., for Hoihow.  
Ningchow, British str., for Singapore.

### DEPARTURES.

November 18, BORNEO, Dutch str., for Amoy.  
November 18, ACTIVITAS, Danish str., for Haiphong.  
November 18, NAMOA, British str., for Swatow.  
November 18, CHINA, German str., for Bangkok.  
November 18, SUSSEX, British str., for Nagasaki.

November 18, ANTON, German str., for Hoihow.  
November 18, KUTSANG, British steamer, for Swatow.

November 18, RAVENNA, British steamer, for Shanghai.

November 18, ARRATOON APCA, British str., for Calcutta.

### PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.  
Per Guthrie, str., from Foochow.—Mr. G. H. Poole, and servant.

DEPARTED.  
Per Arratoon Apca, str., for Singapore.—Messrs. C. R. Foster, G. R. C. Foster, R. N. Goodman, R. Easlick, and W. Weston, For Calcutta.—Messrs. N. E. Fenner, M. C. Settina, J. A. Ezra, D. S. Mandelvitz, and G. A. Kneebone.

Per Ravenna, str., for Shanghai.—From London—Mr. and Mrs. Eckford, 3 children, and nurse, R. V. and Mrs. B. F. 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. St. John, and 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. Dowdall, Capt. J. Harvey, Messrs. Dower, Huntley, Lawson, and Ewing, From Bridget.—Messrs. McGregor and Howard.

### REPORTS.

The British steamer Guthrie, from Foochow 16th November, reports had fresh monsoon and fine weather throughout.

VESSELS PASSED ANJER.

October 17, Nor. bark Royal Thomasson, from Buenos Ayres for Batavia.

17, British ship Isolde, Stanton, July 20, from Cardiff for Shanghai.

17, British bark Ann Parker, Barker, June 24, from New York for Singapore.

17, Ned. bark Thureberg VI, Van der Mey, Oct. 9, from Krakatoa for Channah.

17, British bark Kilverdale, Donald, Sept. 15, from Illois for New York.

18, Amer. ship Washnet, Oakland, Aug. 14, from Hongkong for New York.

18, Ned. bark Concordia, Swart, Oct. 15, from Cheribon for Channah.

18, British bark Alton A. Read, Hatfield, Sept. 19, from Philadelphia.

18, Ned. bark Fulda, Boehm, Oct. 13, from Samarang for Channah.

19, British ship Carbet Castle, Mack, Sept. 20, from Illois for New York.

19, Italian bark Mon. Pozzolo, from Sourabaya for Madras.

20, Ned. bark Kersbergen, Klaesn, Oct. 19, from Batavia for Channah.

21, Italian bark Tazio, Serra, July 4, from Philadelphia for Sourabaya.

21, Ned. bark Esso Bianchi, Ateco, June 29, from New York for Batavia.

22, Italian bark Cecilia Madre, Schiaffino, July 12, from New York for Batavia.

22, Ned. str. Zealand, Spruyt Van Lee, Sept. 10, from Rotterdam for Batavia.

23, Ned. bark Noah VI, Pootman, Oct. 21, from Batavia to China, De Grayter, Oct. 22, from Batavia for Rotterdam.

23, Amer. ship Ringleder, Entwistle, Sept. 1, from Illois for New York.

23, British bark Jumna, Withers, Oct. 23, from Batavia for London.

24, British bark Kentish Tar, Veitch, Oct. 22, from Batavia for Padang.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PLATE.

### SHING.

PHOTOGRAPHER,  
No. 8, QUEEN'S ROAD,  
Opposite the TELEGRAPH OFFICE,  
HONGKONG.

Hongkong, 2nd November, 1887. [107]

### TIMBER.

THE Undersigned Agents for Messrs. J. E. L. STAINFIELD & CO., Sandakan, British North Borneo, are now prepared to submit for inspection samples of hard and soft TIMBERS suitable for Wharves, Building and General purposes.

GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., Agents.  
Hongkong, 2nd November, 1888. [40]

### FRENCH DRESS-MAKER.

M. B. G. HEYMANS,  
35, WELLINGTON STREET,  
HONGKONG.

THE ONLY FRENCH DRESS-MAKER  
IN HONGKONG.

DIPLOMA IN PARIS IN 1884.

Hongkong, 12th October, 1887. [107]

## INTIMATIONS.

### PAID-UP POLICIES.

—Pensions may be limited to 15 or 20 years from the commencement, and after the Policy has been in force for three years, each year's payment of premium secures a proportionate part of the sum assured as a Paid-up Policy in the event of the Life Assured wishing to cease payments. This Rule applies also to Endowment assurances.

PROPOSAL Form application to the BOENE COMPANY, LIMITED,

Agents,

STANDARD LIFE OFFICE,

905-6 Hongkong.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

HAVE NOW RECEIVED THEIR

WINTER STOCK

OF

FELT HATS,

GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY,

SHIRTS AND COLLARS,

GLOVES,

SCARVES AND TIES,

WINTER SUITINGS,

AND

OUTFITTING SUNDRIES

OF ALL KINDS.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

HONGKONG, 17th November, 1887. [126]

KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED.

JUST RECEIVED

The Article Collection of the Dance Music of Scotland.

Key's Scotch "Lyrical Compositions."

Baird's "Modern Photography."

Cadocoff's "Last Graphic Pictures."

Hicks' "How to Learn Russian," with Key.

"Boiler Making" by Ford.

Hopkins' "Japanese English and English-Japanese Dictionary, 2nd Edition.

The Young Lady's Guide to the Work Table.

Merley's "First Sketch of English Literature."

"Principles of Universal History."

Brown's "Manual of Photography."

Cadocoff's "Last Graphic Pictures."

Hicks' "How to Learn Russian," with Key.

"Boiler Making" by Ford.

Hopkins' "Japanese English and English-Japanese Dictionary, 2nd Edition.

"Elements of Metallurgy" by Phillips and Banerman.

McColloch's "Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation."

The Art of Drawing and Composing Li-

ting, with Plates by Fleischman.

Macrae's "Diseases of Tropical Climates."

MacLean's "Diseases of Tropical Climates."

Marley's "First Sketch of English Literature."

"Principles of Universal History."

Merley's "First Sketch of English Literature."

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"Principles of Universal History."

Merley's "

## INTIMATIONS.

1887. NOW READY. 1887

## THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

With which is Incorporated  
THE CHINA DIRECTORY.  
(TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL ISSUE),  
COMPLETE WITH APPENDIX, PLANS, ETC., &  
ROYAL EDITION, R.Y. £1.15... \$5.00.  
SMALLER EDITION, R.Y. £1.00... \$3.00.

## THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date, and is again much increased in bulk.

## DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.

The best Remedy for the Stomach.  
DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.

For Gout and Rheumatism.

## DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.

The best Remedy for the Skin, Constitution, Ladies, Children, and Infants, and for regular use in Warm Climates. DINNEFORD &amp; CO., Chemists, London, and Druggists and Shopkeepers throughout the Empire.

N.B.—Ask for DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

A. S. Watson &amp; Co., Hongkong.

## A. S. WATSON &amp; CO., LIMITED,

ARE NOW SHewing

## NEW SEASON'S

## CHRISTMAS &amp; NEW YEAR CARDS

INCLUDING SOME

## CHROMOS OR SWISS AND HOME

SCENEY,

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.

## CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY

WILL BE OPENED OUT IN A FEW DAYS.

A. S. WATSON &amp; CO., LTD.,

## HONGKONG DISPENSARY.

Hongkong, 15th September, 1887.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications or Editorial matters should be addressed "The Editor," and those on business "The Manager," and not to individuals by name.

Correspondents are requested to forward their name and address with communications addressed to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence, of good faith.

All letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until otherwise notified.

Orders for extra copies of the Daily Press should be sent before 11 a.m. on the day of publication. After that hour the supply is limited.

TELEGRAM No. 12.

## BIRTH.

On Thursday, the 17th November, at Praia Grande, Macao, the wife of Mr. J. M. GUILDE, of a son [242].

## The Daily Press.

No. 1000, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1887.

T. HON. A. P. MACEWEN did useful work on Wednesday by his criticism of the Estimates in the Legislative Council. The hon. member for the Chamber is of course liable to error in his definitions, and he is sometimes, we must admit, a little reckless in his assertions, but he has rendered valuable service in the Council, and is to be congratulated upon the results of his efforts to stir the Government to action. Good honest criticism is the salt that keeps official life from stagnation and sometimes from moral putrefaction. Mr. MacEwen did not omit, in his speech on the Estimates, to refer to the proposed lighthouse on Gap Rock, the necessity for which he pressed strongly on the Government. We are glad to note that His Excellency the Governor is fully convinced of the desirability of proceeding at once with this work, and he is evidently satisfied that the Gap Rock is the best point on which to erect the lighthouse. Independently of the report of Commander Moore, R.N., which we have not seen, a glance at the chart will show that Gap Rock is the most suitable site for the lighthouse, though it is admittedly difficult of approach during a great part of the year, and the work of building would doubtless be costly. But it would be better to pay double for a light that would serve the purpose of lighting the southern approach to the harbour and enable vessels to make port instead of lying outside all night, than to place a light on a site whence it would not be sufficiently visible or might dangerously mislead. There ought to be no fear in proceeding with this necessary work. The ship-owners interested have signified their willingness to bear the cost in the shape of a temporary imposition on tonnage, and the question of ways and means has not, therefore, to be faced. All that remains is for the local Government and the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Authorities to come to an agreement as to the site for the light-house, and the work of construction might forthwith be commenced. The shipping trade is the life of the Colony, and the Government should do anything in its power to promote and encourage that trade. It is something very like a scandal that a port the value of whose annual trade is over forty million sterling can afford no light for the southern approaches; the loss in time, and therefore money, occasioned by this neglect would be calculated present a rather startling total.

With reference to the vote for the Bowring Pack, Mr. MacEwen's statement that, after the plan for it had been discussed and approved, the papers were pigeon-holed and nothing more done is not strictly correct.

The hon. member must have forgotten that an instalment of the work was carried out under a vote of \$5,000 in the Estimates of 1886, for which about the northemmost corner of the ground, opposite to the M. homedan Cemetery, was reclaimed, levelled, and tilled, the stream that runs through the valley was embanked from the Grand Stand to Bowring Bridge, and many years' accumulation of sand and silt in the Bowring Canal removed. This exhausted the vote, but the work was heavy, probably the most costly bit that would have to be done in order to convert the ground into a public park. Of course we speak unprofessionally, but we take it that the public want, not so much an ornamental park as a recreation ground. Wong-nai-

chong is beautiful enough already; it wants no artificial aid to render it agreeable to the eye; what is needed is that it be drained and tilled, with a few good paths made across it, but no trees to obscure the view and spoil the race-course. This is clearly the view taken by His Excellency the Governor, for when referring to the question in his speech in reply to Mr. MacEwen, Sir William said:—“I don't think, so far as open space goes, that a large amount of ornamental ornamentation—which will undoubtedly be done as soon as it is wise—will improve it or make it more of a health resort. I suppose the first object is to have a path that can be used is not a swamp. Well, I think that is very reasonable indeed, and that we should make an effort at all events to secure that, and afterwards go to make as beautiful a park as the city of Victoria deserves as quickly as our finances permit.” This is indeed precisely what is wanted. At present in the early mornings there are the usual vapours which arise from all swampy ground, and which are more especially insalubrious in a semi-tropical climate. The drainage of the Wong-nai-chong Valley would, moreover, tend to improve the sanitation of the eastern district generally, a consideration of no small importance, when the limited building area in the city of Victoria is borne in mind. The Praya foreshores reclamation scheme will relieve the existing congestion for a time, but if, as there is every reason to hope and believe, the growth of the Colony continues, further extension will be necessary, and as only a limited strip can be wrested from the sea, the town will necessarily grow eastward. The creation of a great recreation ground at Wong-nai-chong will certainly help to popularise that end of the city, apart from the great benefit it will be to the rising race. It is therefore to be hoped that His Excellency may see his way to include a vote of \$20,000 for this purpose in the estimates for 1889. It is not a large sum and it would be money well invested. The Colony can now afford the luxury, and it will be better to complete the work at once than to make a patchwork job of it, delaying the realization of the scheme for another five years.

Mr. W. M. Deane, Captain Superintendent of Police was yesterday appointed a member of the Executive Council.

The Messengers Maritimes steamer *Ava*, with the outward French mail, having London dates to the 21st ult., left Singapore at 11 a.m. yesterday for this port.

Orders for extra copies of the Daily Press should be sent before 11 a.m. on the day of publication. After that hour the supply is limited.

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By kind permission of Captain Ulmer, Divisional will be held to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock by the American ship *Benjamin Smith* (Capt. W. G. Goldsmith, First Officer) and *Chaplain*. The Boathell will be hoisted, and a steam launch will call alongside of any vessel holding coals pannier C.

A small shed in Shek-long-sui caught fire last night about ten o'clock. The fire was sighted by the men on board the British gunboat *H.M.S. Government* Fire engine found out at once, but before they had got very far they got word that the fire was all over the shed having rapidly burnt out, and the engine returned to the station.

The *Globe* says:—It is an unhappy appearance only too probable that *Wasp* will be burnt to ashes in the flames of her own destruction. The fact that the Gap Rock is the best point on which to erect the lighthouses. Independence of the report of Commander Moore, R.N., which we have not seen, a glance at the chart will show that Gap Rock is the most suitable site for the lighthouse, though it is admittedly difficult of approach during a great part of the year, and the work of building would doubtless be costly. But it would be better to pay double for a light that would serve the purpose of lighting the southern approach to the harbour and enable vessels to make port instead of lying outside all night, than to place a light on a site whence it would not be sufficiently visible or might dangerously mislead. There ought to be no fear in proceeding with this necessary work. The ship-owners interested have signified their willingness to bear the cost in the shape of a temporary imposition on tonnage, and the question of ways and means has not, therefore, to be faced. All that remains is for the local Government and the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Authorities to come to an agreement as to the site for the light-house, and the work of construction might forthwith be commenced. The shipping trade is the life of the Colony, and the Government should do anything in its power to promote and encourage that trade. It is something very like a scandal that a port the value of whose annual trade is over forty million sterling can afford no light for the southern approaches; the loss in time, and therefore money, occasioned by this neglect would be calculated present a rather startling total.

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The *Globe* says:—It is an unhappy appearance only too probable that *Wasp* will be burnt to ashes in the flames of her own destruction. The fact that the Gap Rock is the best point on which to erect the lighthouses. Independence of the report of Commander Moore, R.N., which we have not seen, a glance at the chart will show that Gap Rock is the most suitable site for the lighthouse, though it is admittedly difficult of approach during a great part of the year, and the work of building would doubtless be costly. But it would be better to pay double for a light that would serve the purpose of lighting the southern approach to the harbour and enable vessels to make port instead of lying outside all night, than to place a light on a site whence it would not be sufficiently visible or might dangerously mislead. There ought to be no fear in proceeding with this necessary work. The ship-owners interested have signified their willingness to bear the cost in the shape of a temporary imposition on tonnage, and the question of ways and means has not, therefore, to be faced. All that remains is for the local Government and the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Authorities to come to an agreement as to the site for the light-house, and the work of construction might forthwith be commenced. The shipping trade is the life of the Colony, and the Government should do anything in its power to promote and encourage that trade. It is something very like a scandal that a port the value of whose annual trade is over forty million sterling can afford no light for the southern approaches; the loss in time, and therefore money, occasioned by this neglect would be calculated present a rather startling total.

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The *Globe* says:—It is



## HERR PAULUS: HIS RISE, HIS GREATNESS, AND HIS FALL.

BY WALTER BESANT,  
AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SURVIVAL OF THE LEADER.

After breakfast—alone in this house, a hundred and eleven francs—Mr. Brudenel led the way to his study. He was more than commonly nervous this morning, and more than commonly nervous. The events of the preceding night would have filled him with delight but for the unfortunate revelation about the novel. It had been often proved that the gravest and most reverend of men have been in their lifetime. Heresies, heresies, heresies!—that is to say, a reverend Leader is charged with spending the time supposed sacred to the study of Magic and Mystery, in reading *Osiris*. Moreover, it was a true charge, and since Herr Paulus could only have known its truth by supernatural power, the charge must have been brought forward either as a rebuke or as a threat. If a rebuke it was preposterous to the last degree; so young a man, so a novice!—how much did the young man know?

"This is—ha!"—my small library, Herr Paulus," he said, pointing with proud humility to the shelves filled from top to bottom with works on the subject to which his life had been given.

"You will—I have my full permission to make any use you please of this small collection. Here you will find, I think, all the most important books on the subject."—*The History of Political Intelligence, the Romance of the Rose, Elizabet, Lolly and Doe, Manetho's Fragments, Salvete's Science Occulta, Naudé's Apologetica, the recent works of Blavatsky, Olcott, and Sinnett.*" He stopped short in his communication because the young man was looking at him, and not at the books. "Perhaps," he said, coldly, "you already know the contents of these books."

"On the contrary," said Herr Paulus. "Outside certain lines I am a most ignorant person. I have, it is true, studied Solomon's Book of Wisdom, but these works of mediæval and oriental pretenders I have not taken the trouble even to look into. Only it amuses me that you, the Leader of Spiritualists in the country, should seriously invite an inspection of these written works."

"There were no results." The young man spoke with a decision which world have been offensive to the calm assurances of his master. "There never were any results. The books are absolutely without value."

Mr. Brudenel put up his eyeglasses and looked at the books on which he had spent so many hundreds of pounds. "Would no spirit come forth to corroborate this?"

"No results? No value?"

"Well, there is the wisdom of history. Those men provided with a fragment of truth, groped about in the dark and found nothing. The books preserve the history of their researches. If that is valuable the books are valuable. If not—"he shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you read them?"

"How then, do you know?"

"I know because I know. It is part of the wisdom of the Ancient Way to distinguish between truth and falsehood. How many of them have you read yourself, Mr. Brudenel? You do not reply. I will tell you. Not one. You have turned over pages which you could not understand. You have not read one. Turn your book over again!"

"Turn my unrivaled collection! Sir, you presume too much. I would have you know—"

"You have not read one single book, Mr. Brudenel. You know nothing of the subject. Here is a book which professes to show you how to raise spirits." He took a volume from the shelves. "Do you know the method? Have you ever tried to raise a spirit? There is another book which teaches you to do this. *Book of the Necromancer*. Do you know it? Has it not the secrets of Astrology?"

"But—just do you pretend that the claims of all the medieval philosophers have been baseless?"

"Not quite baseless. In the same way the modern so-called Occult Philosophers and Eastern Buddhists are not baseless. Their pretensions rest on the fragments which were brought to the East from Syria, the remains of the great medical science which the fragments were brought by the learned Jews of Spain and Morocco, and handed down from father to son. But in Abyssinia we have the perfect Book, the King's own Book, brought to us by Prince Menekel."

"It is something to be told that we have fragments. You have fragments. They have been broken in half, but they are still good for further consideration. You have been a Stoic for thirty years, and what do you know now, more than you knew when first you began?"

"There are some who think we have made great advances."

"You have made no advance at all," said Herr Paulus firmly; "and if you continue in your present line you will make no further advance."

"After all, the Leader objected to the much more advanced state of the fabric after thirty years on the dictum of a strange youth."

"Fabric!" Herr Paulus drew himself up and assumed the aspect of one who teaches and admonishes. "Fabric! What fabric? You have none. You have not even the dream, the simulacrum, the delusive image of a Fabric. Your thoughts at this moment I read the secret consciousness of your mind. I know that you have been brought up by false hopes; you have trusted in one impostor after the other. Deceptions have met you at every turn. Confess. Your whole life has been a failure. You have nothing—nothing—nothing. Confess."

"His dark eyes flashed, his accent sterner, his forehead was menacing. They had ever before of a Leader thus rebuked! His aspect was stern, and he had turned away. If afraid to meet those eyes, and bring his head down, moved something about the Yoke of Research. But it was very feeble."

"My life has been a failure, and you know it and feel it. Confess. Look in my face—look at me. So." Mr. Brudenel obeyed slowly and unwillingly, as if he was compelled. He raised his eyes and met the steady, fervent gaze of the masterful young man. "Confess all that is in your heart."

Mr. Brudenel sank into a chair. All his dignity was gone and his stiffening. He collapsed. And still his eyes were fixed and held those of his grue.

"I do confess," he said. "My life has been a failure. For long years I have known it, but I was ashamed to acknowledge it. And I was sure roundly that if I did, all would be over. I had confirmed the truth; it would have been a dismal blow to my wife and to everybody. Every year I have felt it more and more. I have lost my self-respect. I have been a wretched humbug, pretending to believe. I have come here, every morning, pretending to study, but in reality to read novels and to forget the cant of the Spiritualists."

"I do confess. Say no more. Own, however, that I know you thought rightly."

Mr. Brudenel, the power of those eyes removed, began to recover a little. He sat up in his chair and put up his glasses.

"I have told you, Herr Paulus," he said, "what I never thought to tell any man. You have the secret of my life. Respect it, sir."

"Indeed, Mr. Brudenel, I had the secret of your life before. Do not doubt that I shall repeat it."

"I am terribly wrong—most terribly wrong. Mr. Brudenel, you seem to be right. I rejoice in this interruption, when I rejoiced in my researches and looked joyfully forward to the fuller light which was certain to come. Alas! that time has gone, and I have nothing to say to you. I am a thief, my life is a lie, my soul is a serpent, and my heart is a common cheat. I confessed to you, Herr Paulus, because you are young, but yet seem honest—because you compelled me. That is done. Go on and grieve the women, and come here when you please to laugh at the whole business with me."

"Again, it was not my object to grieve the women and to laugh with you. Your past life is done with me. The new begins if you wish for me again."

"Oh! can I to trust any one?" cried Mr. Brudenel, helplessly. "I want no new life man. Henceforth I will go on like the rest of

mankind. I shall cease to inquire into the other world. I shall go to Church with my wife and the girls. No new splendours for me, thank you. I have done with it all."

He threw out his arms with an expressive gesture.

"Done with it, Herr Paulus. Done with it, I say."

"Permit me, Mr. Brudenel. I read in your looks—say in your mind—I read your dejection last night. You expected nothing but to be bored. Then you were surprised out of yours!

"Then you expressed what you felt at the moment; but this morning another cold wave of doubt has fallen upon you. You no longer trust your eyes."

"That is so."

"The oracles which I exhibited have satisfied the rest of those who saw them—except your wife—and perhaps one other. But you, roundly suspicious by frequent disappointments, recall them with doubt and questioning. The music in the air: themselves called the hexen somethings, they were produced by your Chicks and your Medlocks with their conciliations; girls in a trance have been seen before; ignorance is no new thing; perhaps the pictures of the very scenes which had passed through the girl's mind—which they actually saw—is an old trick too."

"No—not I do not say. The things were now and striking."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Brudenel, I am sent to you especially. It is to you that my message is given. If you are not convinced I will show you more credentials. What do you ask? Do you not say?"

"Of course," said Mr. Brudenel, "what the occult Philosophers have not done. Put in my hands an Indian newspaper of this very day."

"That is very easy," replied Herr Paulus. He put his hand to his pocket and produced a paper stamped by an English stamp, addressed to "The Times."

"Here it is. Herrs is the Friend of India of this morning. Before you open it I must caution a condition. There are in the paper all kinds of news—political—social—deaths—marriages—share market—things not thought worthy of the telegraph—which need not be read before the day when in the ordinary course the paper would be read. Open the paper, then look it up in some place accessible only to yourself, and do not look at it again until the day when all the world can see it. Do you promise this?"

"I will. There rather have its contents published to all the world."

"Consider. There may be things in it which will be useful to be learned at their proper time. To publish the paper may cause the ruin of your name. Do you promise?"

"I promise?"

"Then open the paper." Mr. Brudenel tore open the cover, which Herr Paulus tossed into the fire. He looked at the date. Saturday, March 26th, 1887. The date was printed on the front and on every page. He folded it up again with a deep sigh.

"I have actually done this wonderful thing," he said.

"Lick up the paper in the safe. So that drawer will do. Lick the drawer and put the key on your ring. No onhas access to the safe but yourself, of course. You will get the paper out and read it on the day when it is due by the mail, and not before. No one but yourself will know until then the secret. Remember, you are to look at the paper or to open the submission until the time comes."

"Mr. Brudenel did as was told.

"And now sit down and let us talk."

It was then eleven o'clock.

At half-past one Herr Paulus and Mr. Brudenel came to luncheon.

The ladies became instantly aware that something had happened. Mr. Brudenel mainly showed something had happened to him. In that house, they were always expecting something out of the common, and last night's events had shown that they were on the eve of something very great indeed. Therefore Lady Paulus's heart beat faster when she saw that her husband had things to communicate.

"My dear," he whispered, just before they sat down, "the most wonderful, the most stupendous thing has occurred. I will tell you."

"Were they—were they—the nature of last night's appearance?"

"No, not quite different. Herr Paulus has done for me alone what the occult Philosophers have never been able to do. I have been translated in the spirit to Abyssinia. I have spent two years there, and I am to be free again in a week. I will leave with the sole living possession of the wisdom which Herr Paulus had taught me. The Ark is the book of the Great King, the loss of which was never suffered to known until the period of his death. This book is our wisdom: the descendant of the priest, Isaac, is my master, Isak the Faleha, called Isak ibn Menekel and the Ancient Way is the wisdom of King Solomon himself."

There were four women listening to this story. Three of them, like Queen Dido, gazed with eager eyes and breathless admiration at the man who was now an infallible Prophet, before whom they were contented to surrender whatever of judgment, reason, and critical faculty they possessed. Is it wicked—I mean in the modern sense—to advance the doctrine that most women are entirely devoid of the critical faculty? Less than four and twenty hours had sufficed to make this young man the master of these three women. The Ark was safely in the custody of the fourth, the most powerful and the most celebrated of those of prophet's descendants to this day. This book is our book: this wisdom is our wisdom: the descendant of the priest, Isaac, is my master, Isak the Faleha, called Isak ibn Menekel and the Ancient Way is the wisdom of King Solomon himself."

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